

THE CHANUTE TIMES.

\$1.00 Per Year.

CHANUTE, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1901.

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THE AFFAIRS OF STATE MOVE ALONG ON WELL ESTABLISHED REPUBLICAN LINES

QUIT-Business SALE

Owing to a contemplated change in business
the entire stock of \$ \$ \$ \$

The Boston Store

must be sold. Sale continues until

Entire Stock is Disposed of!

GROCERIES, HATS and CAPS, GLOVES, MEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS, MEN'S AND CHILD-
REN'S CLOTHING, LADIES' AND MEN'S
SHOES, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

Everything must be sold. This is the opportunity
you have been looking for. Don't delay.

N. DANNEFER

Greater Love Hath No Man

A Civil War
Incident....
by
G. M. DEWEY

(Continued from last week)

It seems that Thompson had, shortly after he was shot down, tried to make his way off the field and had been captured, but had escaped from the enemy after dark, and had made his way over the field to where they had charged the guns. After much trouble he found Harper with the dead and wounded, friends and foes, piled up about him, and while he was assured that Harper was alive, yet the poor fellow was unconscious and so nearly dead, apparently, that it seemed small use to try to do anything for him. Nevertheless, Thompson determined to stay by his wounded comrade as long as he had a breath of life left. He found a canteen with some water on a dead soldier, and a little of this so revived Harper that for a while he was conscious and he asked Thompson to try and get him away from that awful spot. Thompson was so weak from loss of blood that he could not lift or carry the fallen man. He tore his shirt into strips to try and staunch some of Harper's wounds and some on himself, which were still bleeding freely, but with poor success. Harper at last begged Thompson to try and return to Alexandria and see his wife and mother, and give them his dying message, as he felt that he could not live, and believed that he was

then dying. Thompson wouldn't hear of anything like leaving him, and begged him not to give up but try to live, and he would get him out of there somehow. He again tried to raise Harper, but was surprised to find that his strength was far less than it was a few minutes before, and he knew that whatever he did must be done quickly. He placed a blanket under Harper's head and wet his lips and face with the last of the precious water, all the time talking to him in encouraging and endearing words, much as the grim soldier might have done to a sick or wounded child. At last Thompson fell back completely exhausted, with one protecting arm resting on his companion. Harper soon became still—perhaps sleeping. Thompson continued to talk in a feeble, delirious way, about the cows in the meadow, and then abusing himself for the way in which he had treated Harper. Sometimes he was planning how he could tease Harper so as to make him mad, and then he was regretting that he had ever been so wicked.

Several of the old company boys, who had returned to look for the wounded, found Harper and Thompson stretched out side by side. The boys thought them dead but discovered that both were alive though unconscious. A little water revived Thompson, but it failed to arouse Harper from the stupor into which he had fallen. The writer was one of those who had come to search for the wounded, and as he sat and bathed Harper's face and wounds, he glanced in horror at the fearful scenes around. The moon lighted up and revealed the dead and wounded piled around the guns that still remained the center of that awful part of the field of suffering and death. There were none disturbing those that had fallen, either from the side of the enemy or the Union, with the exception of our own little party. The spot around the guns was thickly strewn with those who had fallen. Harper, Thompson, Dicks, Woods, Graham, Jackson and several others of our boys were piled around one of the guns, and all were dead except the first two. While many bodies lay still and motionless, many others were squirming and dragging themselves about unconsciously. Some wounded men were trying to help others by passing the precious canteen of water around. There was no preference now shown for Federal or Confederate; all were comrades in pain and distress. Low appeals for water or help came from all around, and amid much groaning and broken parts of speech came the low, agonizing prayer to Him whom, we trust, turned not away from those dying men. One little group, a few feet away, had been holding a prayer meeting, and at last one poor fellow in the gray uniform of a Confederate captain commenced in a weak, trembling voice to sing the words of that grand old hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and

several others soon joined their dying voices with his, and this was caught up in different directions and floated over that awful field as a benediction from above. No doubt many a life went out while trying to sing the old hymn.

It may as well be said here that that praying and singing scene among those dying and dead men around those guns on that moonlight night can never be forgotten while life shall last; and from that night Thompson was a wonderfully changed man, becoming a praying and singing man himself, and he was not ashamed of it, either. He was always a good soldier, but this made him a better one.

We soon had Harper and Thompson on improvised stretchers, and after carrying them about a mile we came to the cabin of an old colored man who had a mule and cart. In this the two men were placed, Harper being still alive but unconscious. Perhaps the greatest wonder is that when the cart had arrived in Alexandria both men were alive, but Harper was certainly more dead than alive, the springless cart having come with its precious load about twenty-five miles over very rough roads. It was a fearful journey, but it was the best we could do at that time. Some may wonder how we managed to go about over the field and be allowed to get away again by the Confederates. I don't know just how to account for it, but think that they were about as badly demoralized as our army was at that time.

Harper's life was trembling in the balance for nearly three weeks, but Thompson's wounds were not so serious, and by the time Harper changed for the better Thompson was convalescent. The time at last came when the surgeons pronounced Harper out of danger, and they also announced that his life had been saved by the careful and assiduous nursing of his devoted wife. But just as soon as the doctors reported that Harper would live, the wife collapsed, and she apparently hung between life and death. However, her strong constitution and will power enabled her to throw off the disease and she soon recovered. After a detention of three months in the hospital, Harper and his wife were allowed to return to their home in the North, but it was nearly a year before his physicians would allow him to rejoin his regiment, and when he did his wounds were far from healed. But he could not be prevailed upon to remain away any longer.

(Concluded next week.)

Facetious Uncle Sam.

"SAY, my boy, but this is good. Here's a Free-Trade paper that is concerned about my growing balance of trade. It thinks it will have to end soon because the foreigners will not have anything to spend unless I buy as much from them as I sell."

The old man seemed really tickled as he greeted me with the above.

"Well," I said. "Now, see here: the people abroad are worth \$300,000,000,000. If my balance got to \$1,000,000,000 a year—and it will be that soon if the Dingley law is left alone—it would take 300 years before they were dead broke, not counting the increase in wealth that must come during that time. Now, if I'm not worrying about 300 years hence what do the Free-Traders want to worry so much for?"

The old gentleman seemed serious, but I detected a twinkle in his eye as he said:

"That's nine generations ahead, and if there are any Free-Traders left on earth by that time, I'm going to some other planet to live."



AFTER WORK OR EXERCISE
POND'S EXTRACT
Soothes Tired Muscles; Removes Soreness and Stiffness.
Don't take the weak, watery Witch Hazel preparations, represented to be "the same as" POND'S EXTRACT, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

Gosh! these old fellows have got to die some time, and I don't find any Free-Trade sentiment among the youngsters. The dose they got in '94 made 'em so sick they won't want to try it again, I reckon.

"But, speaking of this annual balance of seven or eight hundred millions. Why, I've got to have a pretty big balance to enable me to square accounts. Depew and Carnegie and Morgan and Babcock, with a good many thousand others, go over to Europe and no one knows how much money they spend and give away till it comes time to settle. Then there is that darned freight bill of \$200,000,000, and how many millions do you suppose the recent immigrants send home to the old folks? Fully fifty. So when you add it all up and include the interest and dividends on stocks and bonds still held, it takes about all of what is coming to me to square the account. Talk about trading more with those people so they can buy more of me! Why, I furnish them with all the money they spend as it is. Why, people go over to London and Paris and Germany and Italy and Switzerland and throw money right and left, and what do they get for it? A good time, but they don't bring it home with them."

"I never thought of it in that light before, Uncle Sam," I remarked.

"Well," he replied, "neither do the Free-Traders, but they keep harping away on the same old string about my not selling if I don't buy. Just let me make a prediction. The balance of trade in my favor will reach \$1,000,000,000 inside of three years. Why, the more I sell 'em the richer I get, and I just send Croker and Astor and a lot of the boys over there and tell 'em to scatter money and they do it. I've got to get rid of the stuff some way. Every pocket I've got is bulging with gold. Wish I had as many potatoes and apples. But I can't eat the stuff, and I can only pay off my debt, which I am doing as fast as the people will let me. Why, if the boys would give me a good protective shipping law I believe I'd bust—with wealth."

I never saw the old man in so facetious a mood, and I watched him walk away looking at a cartoon of J. Pierpont Morgan throwing \$20 gold pieces at John Bull.

Justice.

Czolgosz has been tried by jury and condemned to death in the electric chair. There was very little foolishness about his trial. Able counsel was appointed to defend him, but there was no defense to make. The prisoner pleaded guilty and speedy justice will be dealt out to him. His miserable life is poor recompense for the noble life, he destroyed, but all we can do is to remove such vipers from society as fast as discovered.

Swallowed Up.

The Democratic party of Dickinson county has swallowed the Pop party of that county body and breeches. The Democrats nominated a ticket and the Pop committee agreed to make no nominations. So it will be all over the state very soon. The Pop party has served its day and is practically a thing of the past.

Cranks from seven different political organizations recently met and organized a new political party. They called it the Allied party. It will cut about as much figure in politics as did the socialist party in the last campaign.

It is said a move is already started to turn the renegade Wellington out of the United States Senate. Senators Hanna and Foraker are expected to lead in the fight.

All reports from Mrs. McKinley say that she is improving in health and is likely to avoid the dreaded collapse.

Some of the old ringsters are likely to have their collar slipped under the new national deal.

The bullets used by Czolgosz have been carefully examined and found to be clear of poison.

Gen. Fred Funston has been successfully operated on for appendicitis.

Senator Matt Quay is seriously sick at his home in Florida.

THE LEADER

The acknowledged leader
of the various styles of

WRAPS
FOR
THIS
FALL

for ladies, will be the half tight fitting box coat. Length is about 27 inches. There will be a few 42 inch lengths used and still less of the extreme full back Automobile.

L. B. KEIFER



R. N. ALLEN, Pres. D. M. KENNEDY, V. Pres.
A. N. ALLEN, Cashier.

A Strong Bulwark..

The large capital of this bank is a strong bulwark of protection for its depositors. If you want to save your earnings, bring them to

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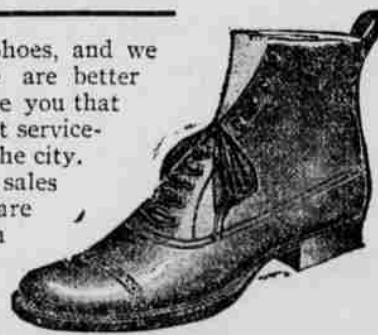
of Chanute, where every protection is afforded you. We have a large amount of money on hand to loan at **lowest rates**. Give us a call.

Yours truly,

R. N. ALLEN, H. J. PRANGE, P. THARP,
A. N. ALLEN, D. M. KENNEDY,
Directors.

Shoes...!

Our old time hobby is Shoes, and we believe that this fall we are better able than ever to convince you that we have the best and most serviceable line of footwear in the city. A large increase in our sales makes us believe we are shoeing people better than ever. A shoe bought of us means you own it cheap and besides it is up-to-date. You should give our shoe line an inspection, and you will be surprised at the many rare bargains. We also show a large stock of



GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.

We pay the highest market price for country produce and in exchange we have Groceries at the lowest market prices. If not a customer already, give our place a visit and investigate our methods of doing business, and we hope you will then be our customer. Yours for business,

Bloomheart, Wright & Co

Winter is Here

—and so are our—



Round Oak Stoves

No Better Heaters
on the Market....

RANKIN & CAVE.



A FALSE FACE.

When dyspepsia fastens on a man it changes his feelings and it changes his looks. He frowns now instead of smiling. His expression is harsh instead of kindly. He is wearing a false face—a face which does injustice to the real nobility of his nature.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition, and the record of the cure is written both in the face and the feelings of the person cured.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not a stimulant or temporary tonic. It cures the diseases that are the cause of ill-health and builds up the body with sound flesh.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." The sole motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines.

"Last spring, early, I wrote you my feelings and condition," says Mr. A. J. Vanderwater, of 84 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill. "and you advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and then write how I felt. I am happy to say I am getting to feel fine. In all I have taken six bottles of the 'Discovery' and four or five vials of the little 'Pellets.' They have done me worlds of good. All my friends say: 'Vanderwater, how well you are looking.' The medicines have made the great change in me: from the slow mope of a man that could hardly crawl, tired and sick all the time, could do no work, to a man who can work, sleep, eat, and feel fine, and that tired feeling all gone away. I am very thankful that I wrote to Dr. Pierce. His 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his little liver 'Pellets' have almost made a new man of me. I feel young as I did at thirty years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged bowels.